

Good Morning 405

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



"Tots" is "Tops" A.B. Owen Jordan

THIS is the tale of Tot, the tortoise, constant companion of Able Seaman Owen Jordan, of 186 Belper Street, Leicester, before he joined H.M. Submarine Service.

In practically every letter that he writes home Owen wants to know how Tot is faring. To set his mind at rest, here is Tot enjoying a hearty meal of fresh lettuce, purchased for her by "Good Morning" cameraman, Tommy Walters.

Your mother was just returning from a visit to the pictures when we called, Owen, but she soon took us through the neat little shop to the garden, where Tot came running down the path to meet her.

Now, we always thought that tortoises were renowned for their patience and slowness of gait, but, believe us, Tot came down that path faster than Ocean Swell, recent winner of the Derby.

Put your money on Tot in any Tortoise Derby that is likely to be run in the next twenty years, because, although she is over ten years old, she's got plenty of "go" in her, and no mistake.

It's a good job we called when we did, for if we had been a fortnight sooner Tot would still have been asleep in her favourite fireside corner, and then you'd most probably have been minus this picture.

And now for a bit of news from home. Mr. Hadley, the schoolmaster, is always popping into the shop to see if Mum has had any news of you, and he always wishes to be kindly remembered to you. Dad was at work when we called, but Doris came in just as we were leaving, so we had a little chat with her, too. She sends you her love, and she's looking forward to going out with you when next you are home on leave.

She was going to do some

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

A.R.P. work after she had had her tea, so you can see that your sister is doing her bit to get the war over. Harry was okay when he last wrote home, and he sent you his best wishes.

And, of course, Mother sends her fondest love from home.

"STOPPO"

Stan. Jackson
says here

LAG'S LUCK LICKS 'EM ALL

WHEN Neil Grayson, Dartmoor "good conduct" prisoner, stole a Home Guard uniform and cycled away from the hotel where he was doing outside work, he did what many convicts have tried before. Only one man in the history of Dartmoor has ever got clean away from the grim fortress, but "lags" always dream of making a successful "stoppo," despite the million-to-one odds against them.

Many convicts like to recall the exploit of Charlie, who is now practically a Dartmoor legend. He was in for seven years for a robbery coup that had miscarried. One afternoon he was in a working party on the moor when a mist came over quickly, and Charlie decided to make a break for it.

He stayed in a ditch for hours while hundreds of "screws," backed by bloodhounds, threw a net over the moor. When dawn broke, Charlie was half-dead from hunger and exhaustion. He could still hear the bloodhounds baying.

He was on the point of giving himself up and facing "solitary" when he saw a gipsy caravan coming up the dusty road. With beating heart he watched it getting nearer. As it was about to pass he saw a pretty Romany girl sitting on the driver's seat. Despite his years in gaol, Charlie was still a handsome chap. He jumped out of the hedge, grabbed the horse's bridle, and begged the lass to hide him. In a matter of minutes he was in the back of

the caravan, hidden under a pile of old sacking. The girl shook her head when a warder arrived and asked if she had seen the runaway lag.

Charlie was hidden for some time, and managed to get aboard a tramp ship to freedom.

Convicts don't always have Charlie's good fortune, although much ingenuity often goes towards a "stoppo." In prison circles they mutter "Lag's luck" when a gaol-break doesn't come off, forgetting that without outside help there isn't a dog's chance of doing the trick.

One convict was given the job of painting the governor's dog kennel. In an inspired moment he sneaked into the



"OUR 'ERB" HELPED PUT YORKS ON MAP

EVERY cricketer knows the name of Herbert Sutcliffe. Few who ever saw the tanned, shining dark-haired Yorkshire batsman will ever forget him. He possessed the same likeable qualities as his friend Jack Hobbs.

"Our 'Erbert," as Sutcliffe was affectionately known by Yorkshire fans, hailed from Pudsey, a cricketing centre in the county that has produced many great stars.

None, however, can claim such a record as Sutcliffe, who first played for one of the local teams at the age of twelve. Even then he showed such a skill that a great future was predicted for him. Yet Sutcliffe, had he listened to a friend, might never have gained the world headlines. He had been playing in a second eleven match to try out players who were thought to be considered good enough for the County side.

He had a bad time, only mustering one run in two innings, and at the end of the game a friend, with a queer idea of comfort, said to Sutcliffe: "You're a smasher in the nets, Herbert, but your nerves will let you down in County cricket. Why don't you try something else—something a little less hazardous?"

It was George Hirst, the Yorkshire star of some years ago, who came to Sutcliffe's rescue. Hirst, after he had given Sutcliffe some coaching, had the satisfaction of seeing him make the County side, and then gain his first England cap.

Although a "fighting cricketer," there was nothing of the "tough guy" about Sutcliffe. He got his runs by careful placing of the ball—and when with Jack Hobbs, cheeky singles. These two would tap a ball a couple of yards, then speed down the wicket like greased lightning.

By these tactics they became the worry of the opposing fielders; secured many a run that proved important in the final decision. Twenty-seven of Sutcliffe's fifty-four Test appearances were against Australia, yet the

Yorkshireman probably enjoyed playing for his County just as much as he did for England. In Percy Holmes, Sutcliffe had a partner who meant as much to him as did the peerless Hobbs.

The two put up over a century of a hundred or over openings, but by far the greatest feat accomplished by them was in 1932, when, at Leyton, they put on 555 for the first wicket—an English record, of which Sutcliffe's share was 313.

Altogether, he scored four-teen centuries that summer; quite a feat by a man a friend once thought too nervous for County cricket!

To-day, Sutcliffe's successor in the Yorkshire and England side is Len Hutton, who also hails from Pudsey. Their careers run on very similar lines, although Hutton, still very young, has yet to produce the all-round stroke brilliance of the Yorkshire master.

ACTION PICTURES.

Arthur Wood, Yorkshire's wicket-keeper, who had made for himself a place in the England team just before the war, is one of the most improved stumpers in the game to-day. A cheery little fellow, fond of a joke, he is, for all that, very serious about his job on the cricket field, and has a hobby which helps him in his battle of wits against batsmen.

Arthur collects photographs of famous batsmen; did so even before he gained the Yorkshire County team, realising that he could find out the weaknesses of stars by carefully studying them "in action."

When eventually Wood was promoted to Yorkshire's senior side he amazed many people by seemingly knowing how to snap up chances only an experienced stumper could have been expected to accept.

I doubt if Wood will ever forget his first Test match. Just before the final Test match against Australia, in 1938, England, with Leslie Ames, of Kent, unable to "keep," found themselves themselves short of a stum-



per. At last, the day before the match, it was decided to yet his biggest hit, at Lord's, call upon Arthur Wood. A wire was sent to Wood, staying at Nottingham with the Yorkshire team, telling him to hurry to London.

Quickly he packed his bag and went to the station, only to be told that the last train for the metropolis had gone.

Wood did not intend missing his big chance, so chartered a taxi which drove him through the night to London. The journey cost Wood seven pounds. "But it was worth it," he once told me with a grin!

This cheerful optimism is to be found among all the stars of King Willow who wear the Yorkshire cap. Maurice Leyland, England's ace left-hander, is typical.

Maurice, always wearing a smile, is one of the hardest-

hitting batsmen in the game, yet his biggest hit, at Lord's, resulted in a most amazing experience.

LOST BALL!
At the time Leyland was testing out a new-type bat, and when he "got under" a loose ball he lofted it high into the stand.

Immediately people began to search for the missing leather, but it could not be found anywhere, and another had to be secured.

Then, a little later, a man who had been asleep put his hand into his pocket for his handkerchief—and found the ball. It had actually entered his pocket without him knowing anything about it!

Son of a former Yorkshire professional, Maurice was taught by his father the art of the game, "Yorkshire fashion." I add the latter because that means thoroughness plays the "biggest part." If you've seen Leyland in action you'll appreciate what is meant by that, for he can indulge in cheery play without the risk of losing his wicket.

nine boots. Lag's luck again!

Another smart convict worked in the prison tailor's shop and managed to make himself a complete "civvy" outfit. He chose a foggy day, put the civvies on under his uniform, and slipped away during the exercise period. He might have got away with it had not his nerve failed. When the sirens sounded he made a wild dash for the river. He was within a few feet of the opposite shore when he was hit by a warder's oar.

A smart convict could not face another six years behind bars, so he started to make a master-key. It took months to make the key from forty separate bits of metal, but it was done at last. A friend of his had provided clothes for the two of them, and, at a given signal, another "lag" in the block started yelling for a warder and pleaded "special sick." For a few vital seconds the corridor was empty and the partners made their break.

They crept along the corridor that would lead them to liberty. Outside, they would change quickly and catch the boat to the mainland. It was split-second timing, but, once again, the unknown factor sabotaged the job. A warder who wasn't supposed to be there was just crossing the corridor to post a letter. He saw a shadow and blew his whistle. The men streaked for their cells, but were collared a couple of feet on the wrong side.

Far nearer to liberty was a

Yes, the odds against a winning "break" are enormous. The lag has more than an army of warders and high walls to overcome. If he is making clothes or fashioning implements he is under the constant risk of detection. There are many sudden searches or "dry baths." But the greatest danger is the stool pigeon who tries to earn privileges by squealing to the authorities. It is practically impossible to organise a break without taking someone into your confidence.

Bloodhounds on the Moor

IVOR IS DROWNED

PART 18

JERVIS said nothing of Beth Lockwood's finding of the body then, nor of the doctor's complicity in the affair. But what he did tell me was amazing enough. I could not take it all in, nor, as he went on with his narrative, could I understand what he was doing at the "Crown" nor what the police were doing. He had told me of Mrs. Long's definite accusation of Ivor and yet he spoke as if he doubted if Ivor were guilty.

"But surely in the face of that evidence there can be no doubt," I said. "The sister's obviously shielding him."

In his inconsequent way Jervis answered, "Amy Ward."

"Who's Amy Ward?" I asked impatiently.

"The Corby's maid. She saw him. She confirms Mildred's story. His alibi's cast iron unless we can break both of them down."

"What's Mrs. Long got to say to that?" I asked.

"Can't tell you till I've asked her," he answered. "She's out. Same way you were put out. Dope. She's in hospital. She's an addict, but they doubt if they can pull her round. That's one of the more damnable snags the only witness."

He told me how he had put Moon on guard over her cottage and after a long consultation with the Chief Constable and Mace he had gone to see Mrs. Long once more to put some further questions to her.

Moon reported all well, but when they knocked at the door they got no answer. Then Jervis got in through a window and found the woman unconscious on her bed.

Bits of the puzzle were falling into place. It was clear that Ivor Corby thought my uncle had given

me those blackmailing letters of his, hence his search. I asked Jervis if he had any theory as to what had happened to them. He evaded the direct question.

Mace and two constables had gone to the "Ship," he had told me, to arrest Ivor and Croft on a charge of the attack on me. Palmer, they intended to invite to the police station to answer questions, and if he refused, to take him.

Jervis ceased his restless pacing after a few moments and Constable Warne in plain clothes entered.

We all piled into Jervis' car. Mace, Warne told us, was waiting by his own car close by the "Ship." He came out to stop us as we drove down the side road. Jervis began to question him at once.

"They swear Palmer's not in, though they thought he was at first," Mace said. "No sign of Croft at his cottage, nor of Corby. But I believe they're all in there," he pointed to the inn, "and the trouble is they may get away when it gets dark. I want Mr. Moon to show one of my men that bolt hole you spoke of. They may try that way."

"What about the motor-boat White Fish?" Jervis said. "Emily Long said Corby hid there."

Mace's reply was a dejected, "Look at it."

We glanced down the road to the creek. Spray was driving over the head of the quay in lashing showers; the mast of a boat moored close by swung to and fro like a crazy thing.

"If he's there we can't get out to him," Mace went on. "A boat would be swamped in a minute. But if the wind goes down after dark—" He left his sentence unfinished. "But I believe they're in the pub."

"Then why don't you go and pull them out?" I asked.

"No power to do that, sir," he answered. "I've phoned the Chief for a search warrant, but it'll probably be to-morrow before we get it—if we get it. My word; they don't make it too easy for us. And there's another thing," he turned to Jervis. "I've a notion, someone, I can't say who, has passed the word to them."

MOON and the young constable who had come with us from the "Crown"—Green was his name—and I set out, leaving Mace and Jervis.

There was little chance of concealment from the windows of the "Ship," but Moon was a cunning fellow and he knew his country. He went first to the end of the quay and stood for a few moments gazing at the creek. I was amazed to see what a savage confused sea was running. The young ebb tide met a gale blowing in from the sea that

Open Verdict By Richard Keverne

lashed the water into fury. Spray was driving yards inland. I stared with particular interest at the White Fish wondering if Ivor Corby were staring from her with equal interest at us. A big-gish dinghy moored just astern of her was already swamped and the motor launch herself seemed as if at any moment she might break her own moorings.

At Moon's suggestion we moved slowly, as if for shelter, to the creek side of the sea wall.

"Use your elbows and keep your head down," I heard him calling to me as I lay prone. I did my best and wriggled through coarse soaking grass down to the far side. Green came behind me.

We reached the place in a few moments and entered Moon's "kettle house." It was littered with boat lumber of every kind; oars, old sails, odd planks, oil drums and boxes. One side was occupied by duck punt on trestles and a small dinghy was in the middle of the floor. Moon went over to a corner, chuckling, "I've been waiting for this chance."

The lumber there was sparser. A couple of empty oil drums on their sides and a bundle of nets thrown casually on the floor. Moon investigated. Then, "I see what they done," he said. "That's clever. You come and look."

We went over to him. He was raising a trap door, and with it the oil drums that were fastened to it and the nets. It was a cunning camouflage. As the trap went up we peered down at a ladder that led to blackness.

Moon descended, flashing a torch as he went. It showed up old and weathered brickwork, and at the bottom a muddy, waterlogged floor. From the foot of the steps he whispered, "I'm going to have a poke along here," and he passed from our sight and presently the faint glow of his torch vanished, too.

Suddenly a queer dull noise came echoing along the passage.

I said, "Look out, Moon's coming back." I backed and scrambled up the ladder. Moon was at its foot before I had reached the top.

He called "Mr. Green," in a hoarse, scared voice. "There's been murder done." He came up the ladder two rungs at a time. He was smeared with grime, and his hands were shaking.

"I hear it," he went on excitedly. "At the other end there's a trap like this. There was people talking above it, quarrelling. It was Captain Palmer, I think. He say something about telling Mr. Ivor's father something, and Mr. Ivor he swear and say no he shan't. And Charlie Croft was there, too. He take

Mr. Ivor's side. Then Palmer say something, and there was a shot, and Charlie curse Mr. Ivor and—look out, they're coming."

But we were too late. We heard a smothered oath. I heard a rough voice say, "Get back, the trap's open," and a scuttling sound of retreating footsteps, and Green said, "Damn."

But he kept his head, and took charge. He looked at Moon.

"Get as hard as you can to the inspector and tell him," he said. "We'll shut this bolt hole."

Moon made for the door.

"Now then, sir," Green went on. He already had the trap down, and between us we shifted some of the heaviest things we could see on the top of it.

We had finished our task in a few minutes, and he said, "We've got one of our chaps watching Croft's cottage. If you don't mind going along and fetching him, sir, I'll put him on duty here and we'll go back."

We went outside, and he pointed out a small cottage alone on the marsh beyond the boathouse, about a quarter of a mile away. He gave me a whistle. "Give a blow on that when you get near enough, that'll bring him along." I started off at a trot. But I had not gone twenty yards before I stopped and put the whistle to my lips.

Hurrying along the top of the sea wall were two men in fisherman's dress and one of them I recognised as Ivor Corby. They were almost abreast of me, and they had not seen me till I blew the whistle. Then they started to run, and instinctively I ran, too.

But I stumbled in the slippery grass and Green passed me, yelling like a madman to the men to stop. As I scrambled to my feet I saw another figure running across the marsh from Charlie's cottage. Green's fellow constable had seen what was happening. He would cut off their escape to the cottage to which, obviously, I thought, they were bound. But I was wrong. Outstripping Green they stopped at the boathouse. When I came up with him he was hammering at a locked door, demanding admission in the name of the law. The second constable was approaching fast, and Green told me to run to the "Ship" and tell Mace.

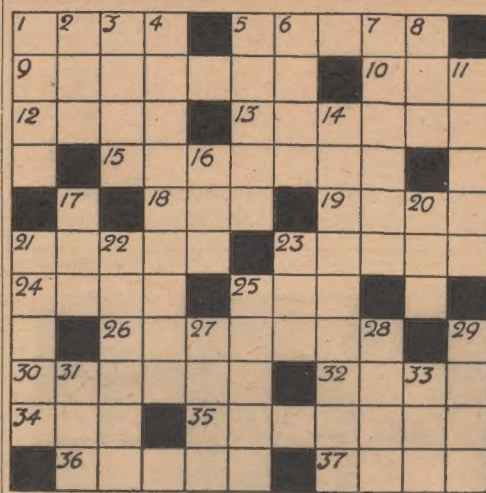
"They may try to get to the other side," he said. "If he phones we may pick them up there."

Again I started to run, but as I went I heard the splutter, then the fussy throb of a motor engine starting up. I was half-way to the quay when I looked back, and nosing out of the boathouse I saw a small motor speed-boat and the two men crouching in her. Involuntarily I stopped to see her meet the first of the waves.

It was sheer madness to take so frail a craft out in that sea. A wave hit her bows and broke over her in a cloud of spray. Then her stern dropped, the bow lifted, and she went plunging into it.

She was magnificently handled. Again and again I thought she was over. She rolled and pitched and

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Fling
- 5 Dot
- 9 Hospital official
- 10 Bone
- 12 Fruit
- 13 Revolve
- 15 Passage
- 18 Garden tool
- 19 Malleable
- 21 Gannet
- 23 Spirit-boilers
- 24 Recognise
- 25 Always
- 26 Guitar
- 30 Mouth gland
- 32 Proficiency
- 34 Unit of energy
- 35 Health resort
- 36 Girl's name
- 37 Pack closely

test.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Short cloak
- 2 Entirely
- 3 Complacent
- 4 Indian axes
- 5 Twilled fabric
- 6 Ship front
- 7 Coloured pencil
- 8 Equipment
- 11 Surpasses
- 14 Inspid
- 16 Not
- 17 Study
- 20 Tire
- 21 Fish
- 22 Loll
- 23 Watch
- 25 Garden walk
- 27 Scottish island
- 28 Egress
- 29 Sort of duck
- 31 Sphere
- 33 Fuss

staggered in the seas. Croft, as I learned later, was at the helm. He kept her close in shore after the first few moments. They passed me close by, running in smoother water and I remembered my mission and started off again.

Just short of the quay they swung out into mid-channel, and I saw they were making for White Fish. They met a beam sea there with a ripping tide sweeping them downstream and water coming aboard fast. Corby was bailing; Croft was trying hard to nose her alongside the bigger boat. Corby stood up and grabbed the launch's side, and I thought he'd got her. But the tide swept them on and then the inevitable happened.

As they turned, the boat took two big seas aboard. Slowly she fought her way back turned again and fouled the mooring chain. The little craft lifted, went over, and I saw the two men struggling in the water. One of them went down almost at once, the other fought on, and I watched him being swept away until he, too, vanished.

The I found myself bursting into the door of the "Ship," telling a frightened girl that I must see Inspector Mace.

"They're in the office," she said, and pointed across the hall to the notice which proclaimed, "Ye Dining Saloon." I rushed on.

A door on the left was open, and through it, in a further room, I saw Mace and Jervis staring at the floor. I went in, shouting my news excitedly as I entered.

"Drowned," I repeated. "They were trying to get away in a little motor-boat. She was swamped: I saw it all."

"Did Green see it?"

"He must have done."

"All right. That must wait for the moment." I was calmed a little by Mace's matter-of-fact tone.

"There's something more important here," he went on.

It was only then I noticed they were standing over an open trap-door.

I heard Moon speaking from below, "I've found him. He's alive. Will someone give me a hand," he said.

Mace went down the ladder instantly. I turned to Jervis. "What in God's name does this all mean?" I demanded anxiously.

He shook his head. "Just one more ghastly tragedy, I suppose," he answered dejectedly, and called to Mace to know if he could help. He went part way down the ladder, and I looked about me in a dazed way.

The room in which I stood was small, and led from the office. It had a double door, I noticed, and was fitted up like a ship's cabin with bunks on one side.

Jervis called to me to give a hand. They were bringing Palmer up the ladder from the cellar below. He was grime-stained, and one shoulder was soaked with blood. But he was alive and in pain, for he groaned now and then and let out a thickly-uttered oath.

We got him up, and laid him on the floor, robbing the bunks to make him as comfortable as possible, and Mace began deftly to rip off his coat and told someone to get something for bandages and water, and to ring for a doctor.

As he was speaking, unnoticed, a newcomer had entered the office. We all looked round sharply to hear a voice saying:

"I am a doctor. What is the matter?"

I heard Jervis exclaim, "Good God!" for Doctor Corby was in the inner room.

He looked wild-eyed and unkempt, and he spoke in a weird, dull way, his Scottish accent more pronounced than usual.

None of us answered for the moment. We were too amazed. The doctor knelt at Palmer's side and took over Mace's task.

"Hurry that water and the bandages," he said without looking up. "And see if there is iodine in the house."

Jervis was first to obey.

"Aye, it's Captain Palmer, I see," the doctor went on talking to himself. "He was to find my son Ivor for me." I gasped, as he added, "This would be more of Ivor's work, I ha' little doubt."

I looked at Mace; his face was stolid and expressionless.

(To be continued)

OLD CHIPS FROM THE NEW BLOCK.

Some evening dresses are fit and proper—others just fit.

"I've discovered marriage is an institution and that love is blind."

"Oh! An institution for the blind."

Suggested grace for war-time: "Heavenly Father bless us and keep us all alive. There're ten of us to dinner and only enough for five."

QUIZ for today

1. A bilbo is a handcuff, prison cell, bird, sword, poultice, snake?
2. Who wrote (a) Witchwood, (b) Wormwood?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Duck, Goose, Swan, Pigeon, Cormorant, Gull.
4. How many dials are there on a domestic gas meter?
5. What is the world's largest public park?
6. Napoleon Bonaparte died in 1819, 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Arraign, Arrant, Arras, Arroroot, Arpeggio, Articulate.
8. Where is the highest cliff round the English coast, including the islands?
9. What is the floral emblem of France?
10. What English actor was recently given a knighthood?
11. What is the largest lake in the British Isles?
12. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Pinole, Pinna, Pinto, Piolet, Pinice.

Answers to Quiz in No. 404

1. Scarf.
2. (a) Robert Bridges, (b) Winwood Reade.
3. Chalk is insoluble in water; others aren't.
4. 1877.
5. Rochester.
6. 522 miles.
7. Potation, Posset.
8. Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, 1,000 Guineas, 2,000 Guineas.
9. India.
10. 1829.
11. Ant.
12. Pilole.

JANE



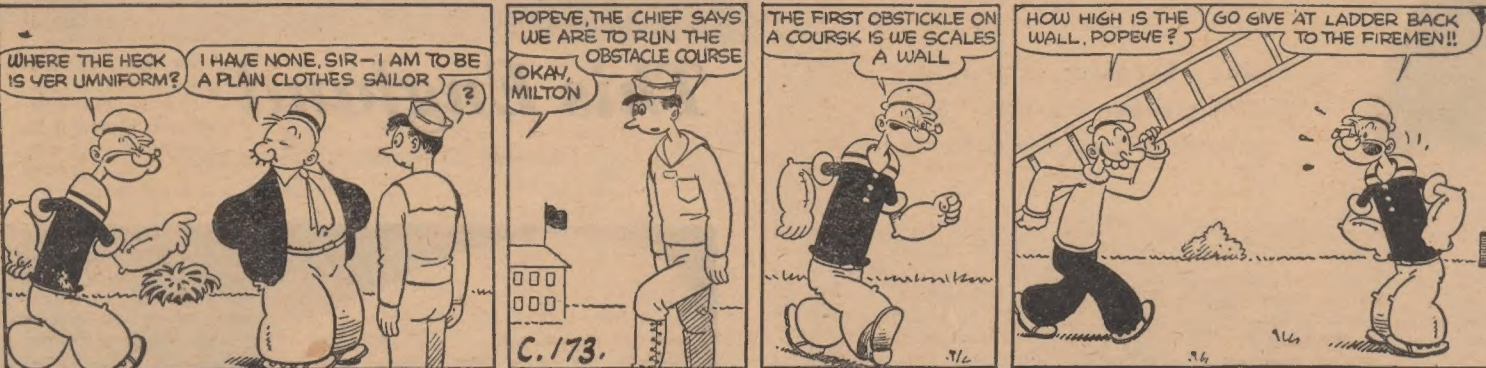
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



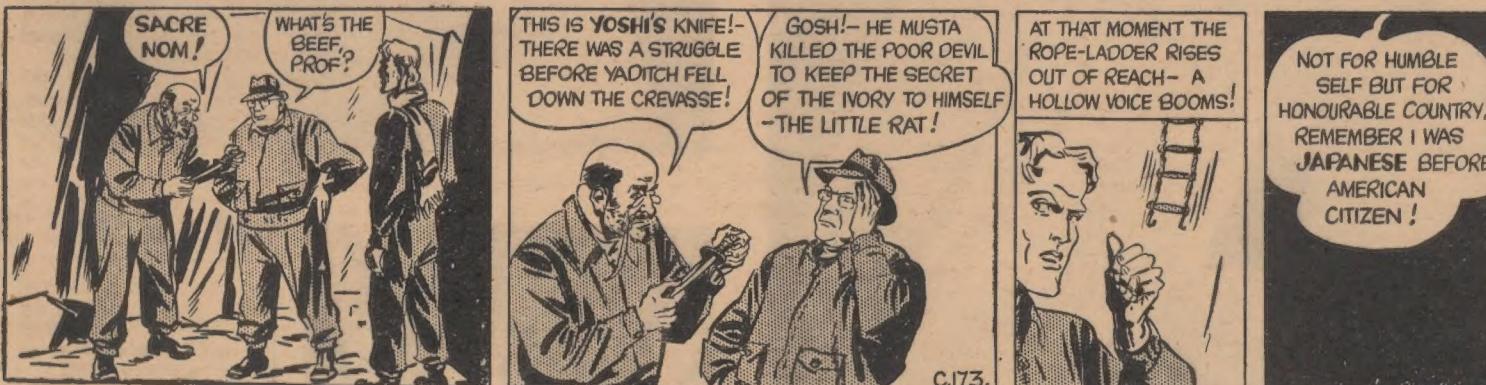
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

ODD, BUT TRUE.

IT is characteristic of the English genius even in the most urgent process of reform to retain the ancient forms; institutions may be adapted to new needs until they are hardly recognisable; but the name and many customs will be preserved and historical continuity maintained.

R. W. Moore (Headmaster, Harrow).

PSYCHOLOGY.

PSYCHOLOGY is a queer thing. Or is it that psychologists are queer people. At all events, the help that they give us is occasionally not so great as they probably suppose. It may be our fault, but at times it really seems that they have produced a clever analysis of something that was not there.

Dean of Exeter.

YOUTH.

YOUTH needs guiding rather than advising. Moreover, it needs the atmosphere of adventure so that it can be aware of its own natural vigour. Safety First should not be its motto; that is a motto for the very young and the very aged. It is no slogan for those attaining manhood or in the prime of their manhood. This atmosphere of adventure is achieved in no other way than by the acceptance of the chances of failure and success. We must not deter our youth from taking the risks it chooses to take. We must beware of living on our past, or of being content with the mere expression of ideals.

Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett.

THE RUSSIANS.

IF you take a look at ourselves over the past few years of war, I think you will agree that there are a vast number of people in the world to-day living in conditions that they would have regarded as intolerable in peace-time, and yet they are happier in their heart of hearts than they ever were in peace-time, all in it together against a common enemy, working to make their country safe for their own and their children's future. Now the Russians have had that feeling ever since the revolution in 1917. That is what gave them this tremendous sense of living with a purpose, in which the petty and trivial things of life got forgotten because all eyes were fixed on the horizon.

William Kennett.

WHY NOT BIG FAMILIES?

PSYCHOLOGICAL obstacles to the production of bigger families are probably the most important. The Victorians produced their large families with a confidence, however mistaken, of a secure future for them. Many of those who have known two world wars have no such confidence. It hardly seems worth while to produce children merely to be blown to pieces by bombs or done to death on miscellaneous battle fronts. ... Until people have some assurance that their children will be able to go their ways in peace, it is unlikely that they will feel it worth while to "be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth."

Mrs. Ena Stubbings.

PICKING LOSERS.

THE root of all our troubles is this: we do not know quickly enough good men from bad. We give bad men enough rope to hang us with. Before the world can run well, all men must have an ideal of character, elect to leadership men of that sort, and refuse to follow any others. That is the best way to get a well-run world, and the right qualities on top of it.

Canon F. Ll. Hughes.

GERMAN WOMEN.

WHAT of the German women, so long avid for the spoils of war, greedily taking the clothes of their conquered sisters and then asking for more? By what sudden metamorphosis are they going to settle down to easy honesty and mildness, especially if we do our delousing duty to mankind? One of our greatest German problems will be to get a new set of German mothers.

Lord Vansittart.

THE SOLDIER BACK HOME.

WHEN the fearful trial now in progress ends, those who return will bring with them virtues and values which our pre-war society, with all its merits, failed to evoke. As a result, the country-if her peace-time leaders only know how to use that invisible increment-will find herself, not poorer, but richer.

Arthur Bryant (Historian).

THE WAR-AN EXCUSE.

IT is time that someone voiced a pretty reasonable protest from the ordinary folk. They feel that, difficult as life must be under war conditions, it could be made less difficult and more pleasant if everybody tried to make the best of things instead of the worst. In other words, the war is made the excuse by a great many people who should know better for everything from rank discourtesy to profiteering.

Isolene Thompson.

**Good
Morning**

A MOST
BEGGING
APPEAL



Elaine Shepard, third of
R.K.O.'s super starlets. Ex-
clusive picture for G.M.



This England The village and
the river
Windrush,
Lower Sloughter, Gloucester.



Surely he hasn't got SUCH a hang-over.



A worker bee on an Atlas
bloom.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Buzz off. I want
to see Elaine."

